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SWEDISH EROTICA

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T.M.

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

IN THIS ISSUE
BIG JOHN HOLMES

ALL NEW FILMS!

We can remember it as though it were yesterday. The place was a college fraternity club and the new initiates, this writer included, had been invited to our first private entertainment as full fledged members. The lights went out and the screen flickered to grainy black-and-white life. No sound, not even sub-titles, but who needed them. Every eye was locked to the screen and the tension in the room was palpable as we watched the hero, wearing the traditional black mask and socks, leap on the naked fat lady and ram his cock into her. His ass pumped up and down frantically as she waved her arms and shrieked silently. When he pulled his cock out and jumped to his feet you could actually see his dwindling tool glisten wetly. He'd really put it too her, right before our eyes. The first fuck film these eyes had ever witnessed. No cocksucking, no pussy eating and no foreplay, but every live cock in that room was hard as iron and every one of us lusted only for privacy in which to jerk off.

It wasn't that sorry excuse for cinematic art that got us started in the fuck film business, but it certainly whetted our appetite for the real thing, which was a bit more difficult to get in those long ago days.

Today, both quality fuck films and willing women are far more available and perhaps one fact has something to do with the other. The future, if we last that long, should be even better. ●

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OCTOBER 1982

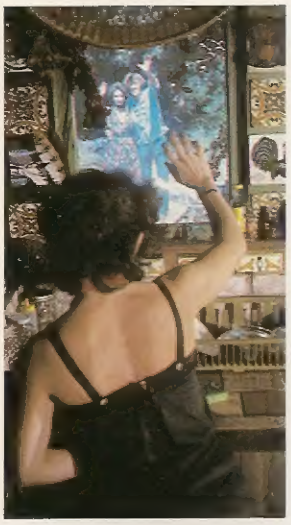
FILM #221: A VERY HAPPY REUNION

FILM #254: AFTERNOON RENDEZVOUS

FILM #362: VANTASTIC

FILM #318: GET THE GARDENER

FILM #221: A VERY HAPPY REUNION



It took a great deal of persuading before Kate could talk her boyfriend into joining her to visit her old chum from school days. John Holmes had been traveling a good deal lately and, now that he and Kate had established a relationship of sorts, he wanted to stay home and enjoy it. Besides, Kate's body was still a relatively new adventure for him and fucking one gal on a steady basis was a new experience. He'd just completed a series of films, shot

in various places around the world and he'd stuck his cock into more pussies than he could count. It was good, for a change, to become totally familiar with one particular cunt, two tits and a hungry mouth that were devoted to keeping his lusts slaked.

But domesticity, while it has it advantages, also calls for certain payments to be made. The female half of the partnership has her own needs and, if they are not satisfied now and then, she's liable to become short tempered and short change you on the sexual goodies. So, since Kate was stacked like a brick shithouse and an uncommonly fine cocksucker,

John decided to play along with her gag and accompany her on the visit to the old friend.

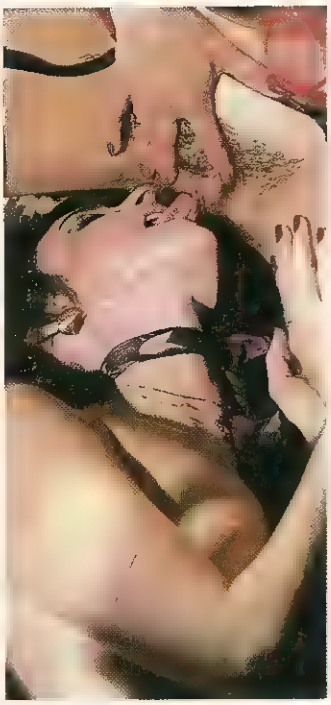
At least he wouldn't be called upon to exercise his cock for her benefit, as so often happened when newly encountered women discovered that they were in the presence of Big John Holmes, the world's mightiest cock. Even the most timid gals had the habit of salivating when he was near and making snapping motions in his direction with their pussies. Perhaps his cock had some special aroma like that of certain female moths. Undetectable to the female of the species, this scent draws ardent swains for miles. Indeed, women have been seen to sniff the air, swivel their heads like pointing dogs and trot off through fog or gloom of night straight in John's direc-

tion. Kate had assured him that Tina, her old college roommate, was a mousy sort who was terrified of men and would never have anything to do with them. She didn't even prefer women, Kate guaranteed him, but was just about totally sexless. If ever a gal had been safe to introduce to Big John, it was Tina.

Neither John nor Kate had considered that time can produce amazing changes in people. The gal who opened the door for them resembled Kate so closely that they might almost have been twin sisters.

The same age, build, coloring. Even the same style of dress. And there was a glitter in Tina's eye that belied the statements about her timidity. She was almost salivating as her glance slid up and down John's body, lingering hungrily on the area he was famous for. John might have preferred not to get involved with any more women at this time, but his cock had a mind of its own and began swelling for action as it sensed an interested female. Most men's cocks are semi-independent entities, but John's carried willfulness to the extreme, seeming to have a mind of its own, a genuine brain, inside its big and ugly head. While John was saying to himself, "Let's get out of here quick, before she rapes us," his cock was thinking "this cunt wants me and I want her."

When Tina drew Kate aside and began whispering in her ear, leering at John all the while, he knew that something unplanned for might be about to happen.



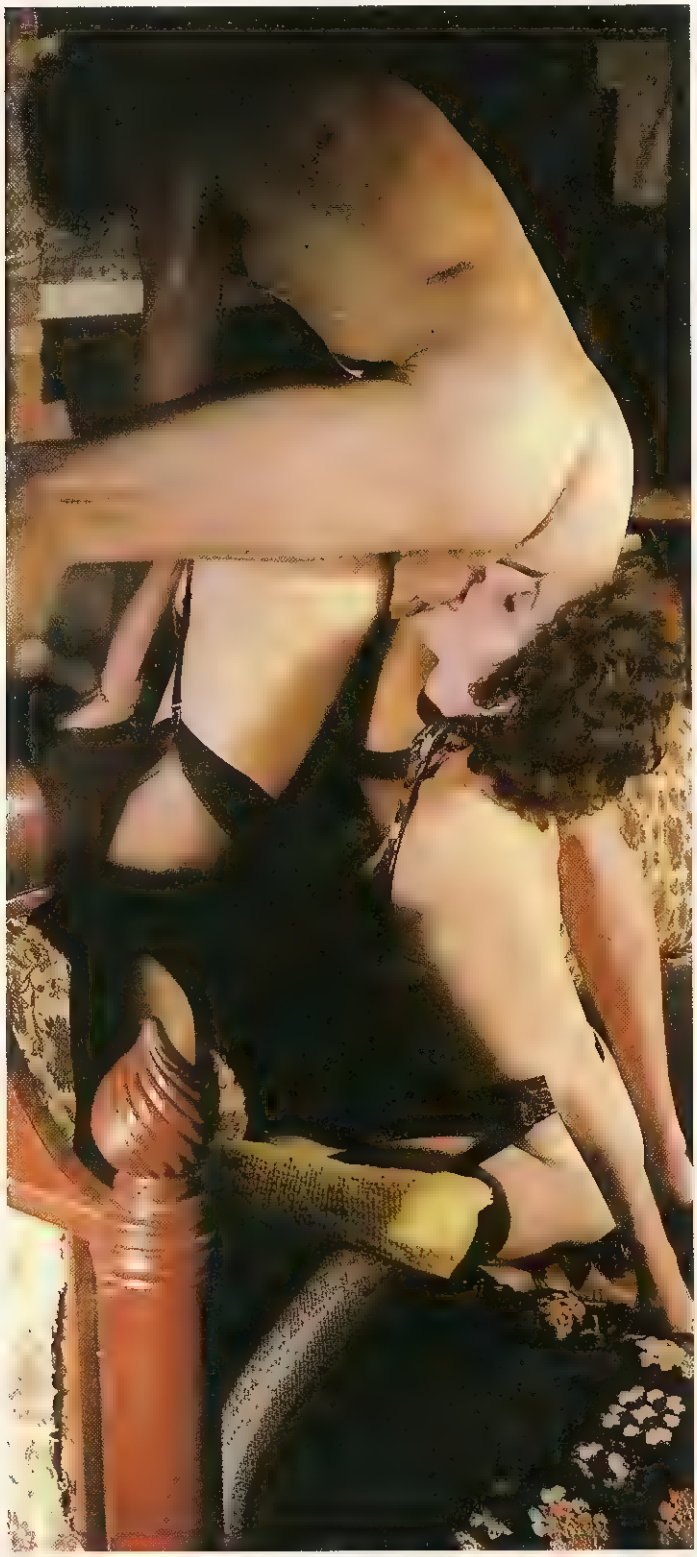
Should he make a run for it while he still had a chance?

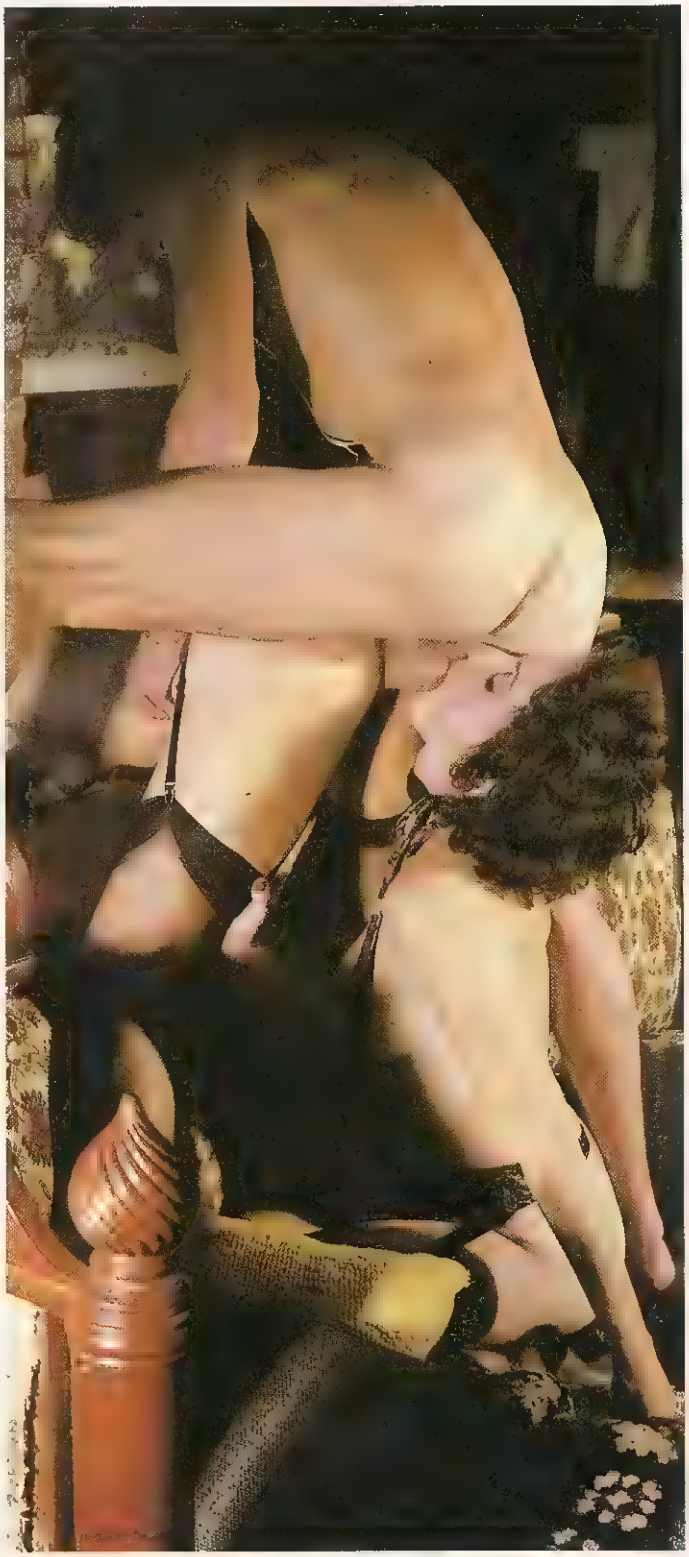
To her credit, Kate was apologetic when she stated Tina's request. "I'm really sorry, John, but Tina reminded me that when we were in school together we swore to share everything we had and . . . well . . . Tina wants you."

Run! said John's brain. Stay! said his cock. John

Since it was John Holmes who was getting sucked off there was plenty left for Tina. Kate was still panting, winding down from the blow job, when John hefted his cock in one hand and guided it toward Tina's waiting cunt. She was on her back, legs spread wide, waiting for it to slam in as deep as possible and the thrill was like nothing imaginable when he shoved it slowly into her. She could feel the flesh of her

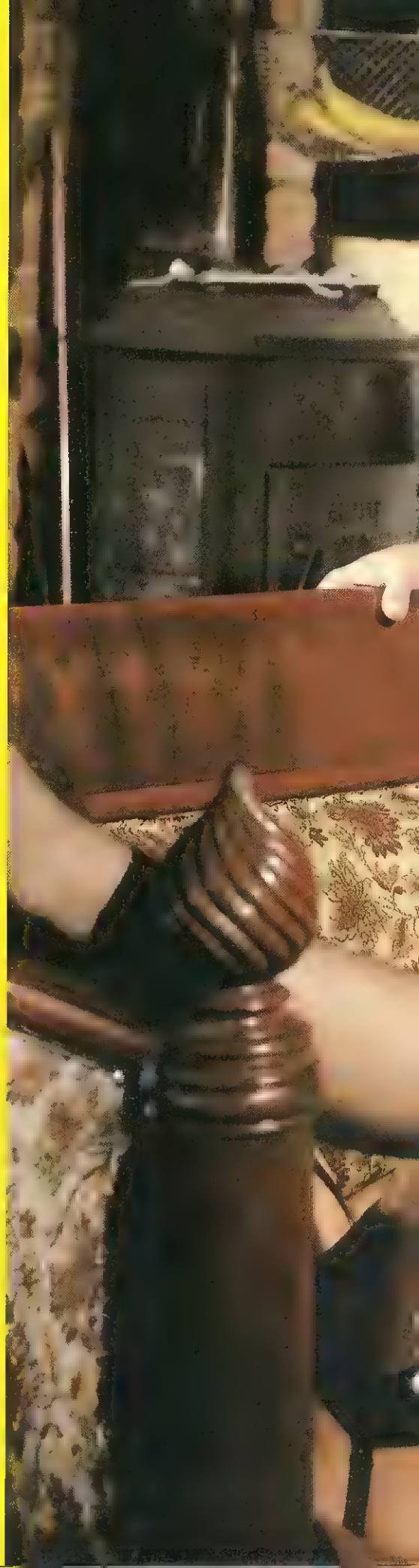
cunt resisting its entry, protesting this amazing bulk. She was sure that babies had been born weighing less than this awesome cock that was plunging in and out of her. In and out! She started coming with his third lunge and the orgasms continued after that, each more prolonged and intense than the one that had preceded it until they merged into one gigantic orgasm that went on without end. Now she was a mindless creature reaching greedily for every iota of sex that she could get. Kate was standing there, naked and available so she pulled Kate



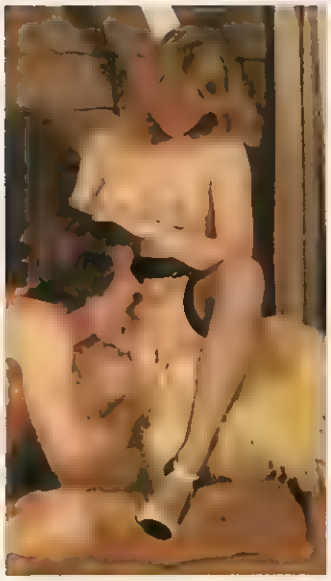


down into a crouch until her cunt was within reach. Now she was getting as much sex as she could handle. Her cunt was being torn open, ripped apart with ecstasy while her own mouth was clamped to the cunt of her dearest friend.

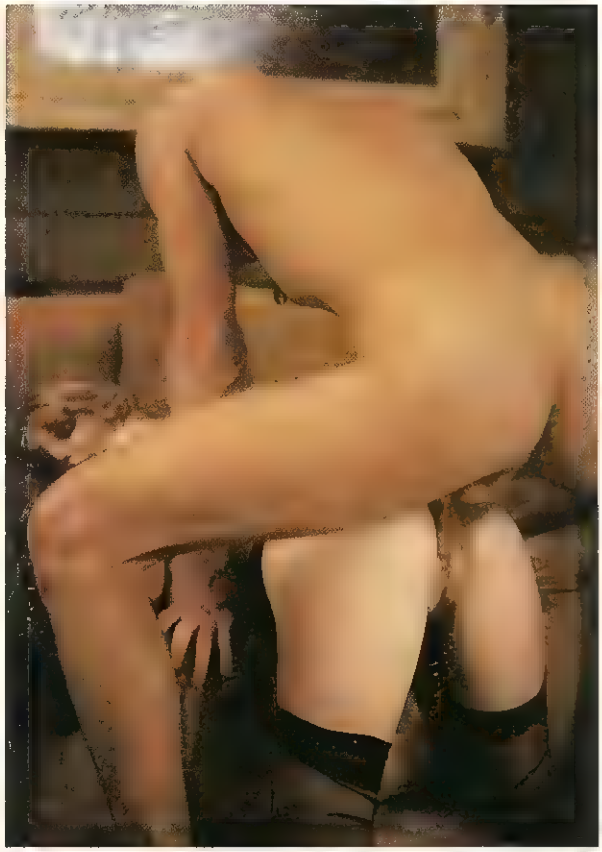
Damn! Damn! Damn! John thought. It's happened again. And he'd promised himself a vacation from orgies, even small ones with just two gals. Then he sighed and grinned. At least life always held interesting surprises for him. ●



Judy was as sexually exciting as she'd ever been. Her mouth was hot on Larry's cock and the touch of her teeth as he fucked her in the mouth sent an extra tingle of excitement through him. She knew how to get everything possible into a blow job and when to slow down so that a stud didn't shoot his load too fast. He could go three times as long with her as with even a professional cocksucker. The fact that she'd told him that she wouldn't suck off her own husband was the final kick.

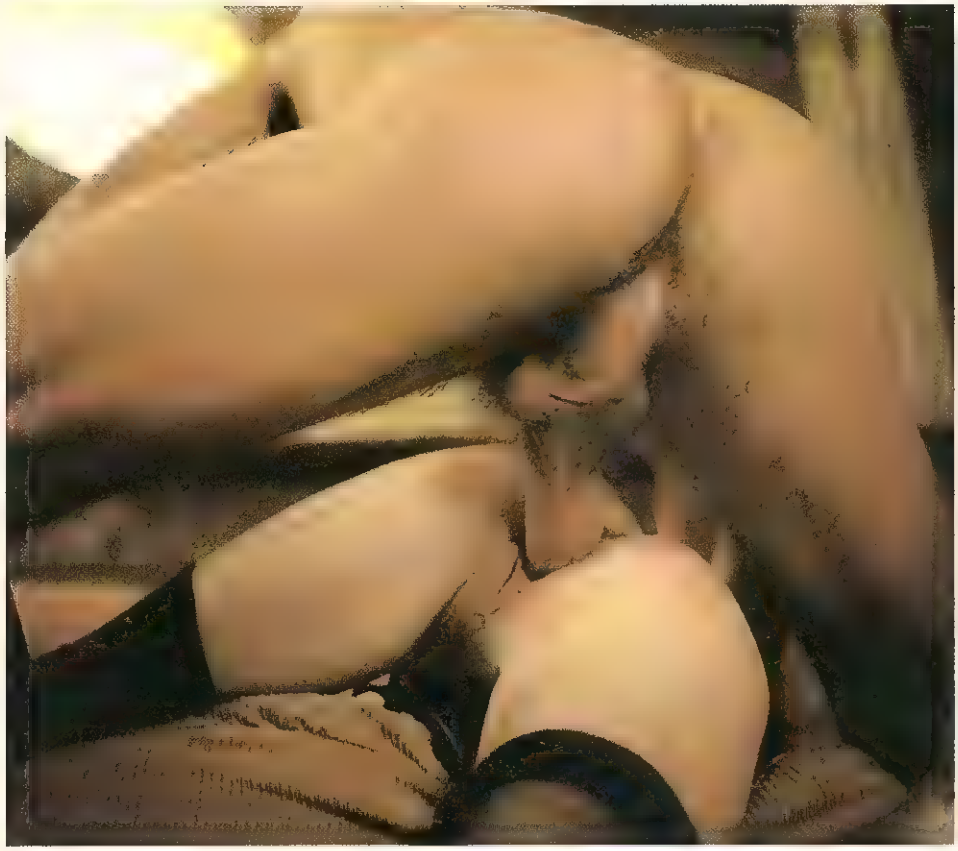


FILM# 254: AFTERNOON RENDEZVOUS



And fuck? There wasn't a woman he could remember who had as hungry a cunt for man meat. Why, she'd begin to cream almost as soon as he had it in her. And the noises she made. Sounded like a whole herd of female cats getting pronged at the same time. She really howled her pleasure.

But calling her by radio phone had been a bit of a mistake, even if the receiving station was in Judy's very own car. It was especially stupid that he'd mentioned the time and the name of the motel. Even the number of the room he'd reserved for the occasion. Telephone lines are relatively secure, but a radio phone? That was how come Judy's husband came busting into the motel room with a mean expression on his face — with Larry's cock trapped in that tight ass. ●



FILM# 362: VANTASTIC

She'd been after Mike ever since he'd moved into the next apartment, but he hadn't noticed her interest. Too many distractions in the form of visiting women, Sue thought darkly, but who could blame him?

Her first crack at him alone came when she spotted him washing his van in the court behind the apartment house with no one else around. She was out to introduce herself like a shot and she was careful to wear nothing under her loose dress. Sue knew she was in when he smiled sexily and asked if she'd like to inspect the inside of his van. Then she smiled, even more sexily as she reached out to grab his crotch while accepting the invitation.

Why did all studs expect sex to begin with a blow job? Couldn't they start by licking a gal's pussy first? Oh, well, she did like the feel of a hard cock pulsing inside her mouth.

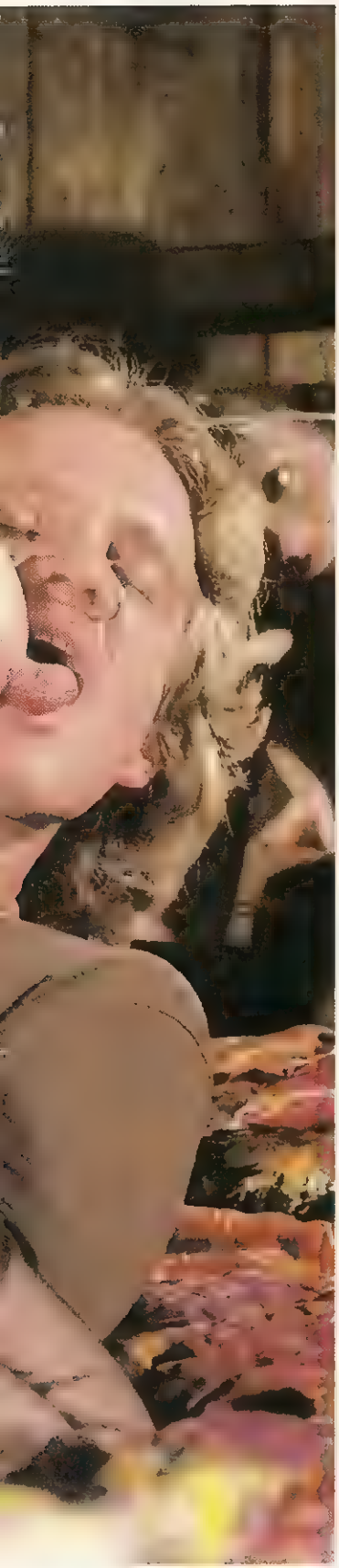
And Mike did eat her, after all. In fact, he spent more time working on her pussy with his tongue than she'd spent sucking him off. He did it tenderly, too, not like some guys who saw it as a duty to be gotten through.

The fucking afterward was great. He'd taken her from behind, the way she loved it and he kept his cock in her for what seemed forever before he came. Sue smiled at the thought of the things they'd do when they *really* got to know each other. ●

Jack certainly made Mrs. Harris angry by not showing up for their date. It was the first time in months her husband was away for the day and she'd been expecting a long and pleasant afternoon of fucking and cuntlapping and eating cock. She was primed for it. She was ready to be filled at both ends with man meat. Then Jack phoned to say that his cat was sick and he couldn't come.

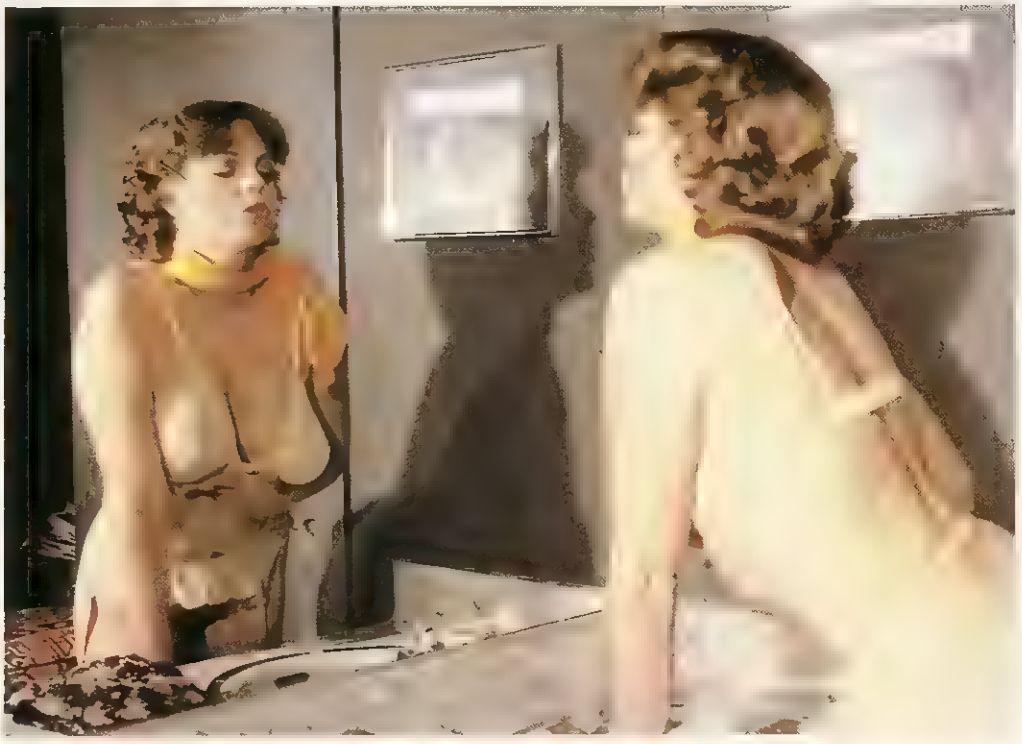
Mrs. Harris was going to come anyhow. Glancing out the window she saw the hulking figure of Ralph, the gardener. She knew that

FILM# 318:
GET THE
GARDENER



Ralph was not long on brains, but she'd noticed before that his pants bulged alarmingly at the crotch.

It was easy to entice Ralph inside and even easier to get his pants off and his cock into her hand. Ralph passively did everything she asked and soon she was riding up and down on his cock, leaning over him so that he could suck on her tits while they fucked. He wasn't as imaginative as Jack but his endurance was better. If only he weren't so passive about the whole business.



Mrs. Harris liked men who took command of her body.

Ralph surprised her by taking command for their second go 'round. He rolled her on her back and rammed it in, fucking mightily. Then shortly before he was about to come, he pulled his cock from her cunt and straddled her chest, offered his cock for sucking. As the hot cum spilled from her mouth Mrs. Harris realized that a gardener, after all, is good at planting things. ●

IN THE SAKÉ.

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